

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILODAMUS,	—	—	MR. HENDERSON.
PHILIPPUS,	—	—	MR. LEWIS.
EPICRATES,	—	—	MR. WHITEFIELD.
EARINUS,	—	—	
VERRES,	—	—	MR. DAVIES.
DOLABELLA,	—	—	MR. HULL.
RUBRIUS,	—	—	
SESTIUS,	—	—	
ERATO,	—	—	MISS SATCHELL.
EUPHEMIA,	—	—	MISS YOUNGE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT the Public may know how different an effect this Tragedy had on the Stage, from that which it has been allowed to produce in the Closet, it has been judged proper to print the following Account; which might also, from its own candour and merit, claim some notice.

From the Morning Chronicle.

“ THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

“ ON Saturday evening a new Tragedy, in four Acts, called PHILODAMUS was performed, for the first Time, at Covent-Garden Theatre, and proved the most entertaining of any Blank Verse Production represented on the Stage for some Years, since the Audience were repeatedly provoked to laughter, by the strange and ridiculous jumble of the Low and the Lofty, of vulgar Familiarity and elevated Imagery, which made up the dialogue of a Play, without either Plot, Interest, or Situation, sufficiently powerful to render its exhibition tolerably affecting. The Audience having unequivocally expressed their contempt for the Tragedy, the Manager, without the smallest scruple, made up his mind to the matter, and determined not to provoke the indignation of his best Patrons, by attempting to disgrace his Theatre with a second exhibition of *Philodamus*. If any thing could apologize for the error of having brought such a Play upon the Stage, it was the unusual handsome manner in which the sentence of the Audience was submitted to; a circumstance that redounds much to the credit of the Manager.”

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE, by a Friend.

Spoken by Mr. HULL.

*T*O-night no conqueror marks his course in blood,
No patriot dies to earn the public good!
No empire crumbles, and no plot succeeds,
Nor liberty expires, nor monarch bleeds!
Nor paint we, for resemblance of the times,
Ambitious virtues, and heroic crimes!

O'er humbler scenes of peaceful life we move,
Familiar sorrows, and domestic love!
No classic tears we draw by rules of art,
Nor aim thro' education at the heart!
Nor hope we nature in those tears to find,
Which science borrows of th' impassive mind!
But in rude hearts, the quarry where she rests,
And elemental pangs in unwrought breasts:
As when the sparks of borrow'd light expire,
We strike the rugged bed of genial fire!

And if by chance our muse to soar shall dare,
In purer regions of sublimer air—
Should paint, unmask'd what Roman virtue was,
Her venal justice, her distorted laws—
She asks no heart with treasur'd knowledge fraught,
—Th' unletter'd Indian needs not to be taught.
Where'er her bloody banner Europe waves,
Or war or commerce marks the land for slaves:
What havoc has the lordly Roman made,
That Asia mourns not for ignoble trade?
—Trade draws the sword, and fraud with force combin'd,
Sit brooding o'er the chains of half mankind!

Oh may each gracious drop that dews our scenes,
Each generous sigh our hapless story wins,
Be drops of balm to ease a nation's pains,
Be mercy's breath o'er India's wasted plains;
So might she cease to curse the British name,
Forget her bleeding wrongs—our crimson shame;
So might we snatch from memory's faithful page
The blushing record—and redeem our age!

EPILOGUE, by a Friend.

Spoken by Miss. YOUNGE, in the Character of EUPHEMIA.

O H hard condition of our helpless stage,
And murd'rous poetry's remorseless rage!
Are there no laws to check the tragic mood,
No inquisition to be made for blood,
E'en when unmaster'd madness whets the knife,
And so unnatural the hate to life,
That for a husband's sake it kills a wife? }

Had but our author check'd his furious spite,
(As besides me he has slain three to-night)
What hinder'd, but more lovely from my woe,
And breathing joy in sorrow's sable shew,
(As dames of Ephesus and Britain know)
To a rich Roman nabob's arms I'd come,
And lady Rubrius borne the belle in Rome? }

Of all blest wives, sure I had been the first,
—Blest—in proportion as my spouse was curs'd!
The wealth of Asia on my breast I'd worn,
And for my toilette sack'd the realms of morn;
Then sparkling perjuries had bound my hair,
And twinkling murders beam'd in either ear.
Pale famish'd provinces grown pearls, to deck,
Entwin'd with diamond treacheries, my neck;
A people's fetters had my wrists confin'd,
And realms been slaves my flowing zone to bind!
My radiant feet had held two prostrate kings,
And dwindled Rajas kiss'd my hands in rings!

More bright I'd shone than Jewish dames, of old,
In pilfer'd trinkets of Egyptian gold!
One trifling law the favour'd race transgress'd—
But me the broken Decalogue had dress'd!

All hearts and eyes had homage paid alike,
As wealth or beauty had the power to strike!
These thought, no charm that pious wife could lack
Who bore her husband's sins upon her back!
While these had mis'd, who trivial toys despise,
In me no beauty, as in him no vice,
Or lov'd the crimes of which I wore the prize!
And cried aloud, "No want of virtue sullies,
"With gold enough to bribe five hundred Tully's!" }

TO ~~the~~ *Queen.*

M A D A M,

FAR be from the author the presumption
of affixing to this trifle any thing so re-
spectable as YOUR Name. What impudence
to have ventured to place it, where he has a
scruple to suffer one of so little importance

as his own to make its appearance! But the character of Writer, which the late extreme abuse of that talent has not at all contributed to illustrate, does not invite powerfully enough to the producing one's self professedly in that light to the Public.

The sole view of the author in the liberty he is now risking, is only by way of appeal to YOU, MADAM, whether the character of complete domestic virtue, attempted in that of *Philodamus*, has been faithfully copied from nature. Of this, MADAM, it is impossible, any one can be so good a judge as YOURSELF, who have constantly before YOUR eyes the most perfect example of it, that, perhaps, ever actually existed: an example, whose

whose lustre still to increase, You are contented, MADAM, to suffer YOUR own great and amiable qualities, which in any other part of the world would have burst out unrivalled, to rank, in this, but in the second place. The loss is compensated in the great share it is allowed, MADAM, YOU have in the very virtues to which YOU yield the pre-eminence. They are such, that had they been exercised only within the walls of a private family, they could not have failed of winning their way abroad into the general esteem of mankind. What universal adoration must they then command, when it is nothing less than the most extended dominion upon the globe, which, in reality, proves to be this vast family, under the most vigilant and

and indulgent of parents ; and receives to its utmost boundary the effects of that fatherly tenderness and benevolence, which seem to have been first put in practice in their more immediate connections, in order to learn from experience how they might afterwards be best applied, and diffused, to the most distant !

If, in return, MADAM, our prayers to Heaven are but short, it proceeds from no deficiency in our gratitude ; we think we have fulfilled every dictate of duty and love, when we have ardently petitioned, that You, MADAM, may long continue to share, adorn, and reward, all the virtues that can render human nature amiable and respectable.

The

The author of *Philodamus* has the honour
to be, with the most profound respect and
veneration,

MADAM,

YOUR

most devoted,

most obedient,

and most humble servant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILODAMUS *.

PHILIPPUS, his Son.

EPICRATES, in love with ERATO.

EARINUS, PHILODAMUS's Freedman.

DOLABELLA, the Roman Prætor.

VERRES, his Legate

RUBRIUS, } Dependents on him.

SESTIUS, }

APRONIUS, Minister to his Pleasures.

CORNELIUS, an Officer.

ERATO, Daughter to PHILODAMUS.

EUPHEMIA, her Friend.

Aruspex, Augur, Soldiers, Servants, Minstrels.

SCENE, Lampfacus, a City of Asia on the Hellespont.

An Apartment in PHILODAMUS's Palace.

* In a Name we are so little accustomed to as that of Philodāmus, the Author imagined he might be allowed to make free with the Quantity, in favour of an easier Cadence.

PHILO

PHILODAMUS.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PHILODAMUS, EARINUS.

PHILODAMUS.

AND now, Earinus, my faithful freedman,
My soul's again at ease.

EARINUS.

Most happy hearing.

PHILODAMUS.

Thy approv'd honesty deserves my confidence——

EARINUS.

You honour me.

PHILODAMUS.

—— So that I fairly own,

Since I discover'd Erato my daughter,
What shall I call it? with an indiscretion
Ill-suited to that tim'rous modesty,
Whose only safe entrenchment is reserve,
Receiv'd the private visits of Epicrates,
My mind has labour'd under some disturbance.

EARINUS.

Your pardon! but what shadow of a likelihood,
One of a fame unblemish'd as Epicrates,
Should entertain a thought that might *disturb*

B

Philo-

Philodamus, whose merit, blood, and riches,
Claim the first rank in Lampfacus?

PHILODAMUS.

None. But my sensibility was wounded,
That she, whose undisguised soul, till now,
I wont to read in, as a book laid open,
Should thus have clos'd the page.

EARINUS.

I am surpris'd

A mind, so pois'd as yours, should be industrious
To raise up trouble from so slight a source.

PHILODAMUS.

Thou dost not know the feelings of a father,
Whose apprehensions shoot to the same height,
As does his tenderness; and whose anxiety
Finds objects for itself, where most *unlikely*.
But to the purpose. — I at length determin'd
To call for explanation from Epicrates.
E'en now I leave him.

EARINUS.

And, my Lord, you found him —

PHILODAMUS.

Found him, Earinus? as I could wish.
But see, my son! which cuts our time too short
For more particulars.

[Exit Earinus.]

S C E N E II.

PHILIPPUS, PHILODAMUS.

PHILIPPUS.

Early this morning

I sought to pay my duty to my father,
But was inform'd, bus'ness had call'd him forth.

PHILODAMUS.

It had, Philippus. But I must observe,
That bus'ness, exercise, nor yet diversion,
Have any longer pow'r to call you forth.

PHI-

A TRAGEDY.

3

PHILIPPUS.
I know not how it is.—Our inclinations
Slacken sometimes to flow with renew'd force.

PHILODAMUS.
Whate'er the cause, the change is rather sudden.
'Tis not so long since you foreran the sun.
Clamour and bustle ever waken'd with thee.
When I inquir'd, sometimes it was Philippus
Would try his horses at the Hippodrome,
Sometimes the morn was startled at his hounds,
That claim'd with ceaseless quest the promis'd chace;
At other, ev'ry thing was preparation
For the Gymnasium: now they're all forgot.

PHILIPPUS.
I was not reckon'd over negligent—

PHILODAMUS.
Your other studies too, I find, lie fallow.
Here am I paying, at a vast expence,
Philosophers, forsooth! to rail at riches,
To vaunt the praise of simple pulse and roots,
(Who, by the by, despise them at my table)
While you loiter the live-long day in idleness,
With Erato, and my new guest Euphemia,
Whom, on the death of Agatho her father
In banishment at Corinth, for the love
I knew your sister bare her, I took hither.

PHILIPPUS.
That love gives reputation to her judgment.
Had but our crabbed rough philosophers
Avail'd them of Euphemia's gentle manners,
They might have learn'd, what has so puzzled them,
How Virtue looks and acts in her own shape.

PHILODAMUS.
Fools only know extremes. Is there no middle
Between the harsh formality of bookmen,
And trifling delicacy that makes woman?

PHILIPPUS.
I see no point in which they yield to us.
Their apprehension's quicker, and their reason

By forms less fetter'd, their expression clearer;
 They seek no shelter from authorities,
 Nor do they strive to veil their ignorance
 In terms of art, as we do: then their gentleness
 Smooths off the rugged points of argument,
 Melting contention into pleasantry.
 Discourse, such as Euphemia's and my sister's,
 Conceived by sense, and harmoniz'd by beauty,
 Reaches the heart, while it informs the mind,
 Softens and civilizes all our ways.

PHILODAMUS.

Not to examine whither, but too often,
 These over-civilizing freedoms tend,
 How did you venture, (you their wise admirer,
 Who ought to know how delicate their fame,
 How the least breath, that blight reproach may point,
 Oft with irreparable taint deforms
 The best complexion'd innocence that dares
 But err from common forms), to introduce
 Epicrates to Erato's apartment,
 Which, by our manners, is severely barr'd
 To all but nearest consanguinity?

PHILIPPUS.

The age, since you were young, has shaken off
 Many the slavish customs of tradition.

PHILODAMUS.

That country, where all forms are thrown aside,
 However venerably perhaps deriv'd
 From the collected wisdom of past times,
 And meant a mound against some national bent,
 Some native inclinations of the soil,
 Is on the point of losing decency,
 And sinking into rank licentiousness.

PHILIPPUS.

Now, good my father, if there be to blame,
 Do not involve my sister in my fault;
 Nor yet condemn her conduct; her fair fame
 Stands not within the verge of reprehension;
 Nor ever has she given him ear alone,
 Euphemia, or myself, were always present.

PHILO-

A TRAGEDY. 5

PHILODAMUS.

'Twas inconsiderate and rash, no matter;
I've hit upon a way to remedy it,
Which you'll soon learn. Order your sister hither.

[Exit Philippus.]

S C E N E III.

PHILODAMUS.

Such is the heart of man. No sooner quit
Of one anxiety, up starts another,
Ready to fill the vacant seat. It grieves me
To see this boy so very deep involv'd.
His thought, discourse, and soul is all Euphemia.
How desperate the fiery wish of youth!
How blind to the long train of ills behind!
High on Imagination's upper bough
Pleasure suspends her fruit, and shews its cheek,
Flaming with ruddy gold, to our impatience:
Does Fortune toss it to our longing hand?
We find in melancholy disappointment
The core consum'd by worms and rottenness,
The juice we hop'd so racy turn'd to bitterness.

S C E N E IV.

PHILODAMUS, ERATO.

PHILODAMUS.

Good morrow, my fair child; how dost thou, Erato?

ERATO.

Health to my father. What are his commands?

PHILODAMUS.

I have been rating here your brother, child,
Rather more warmly than my manner is.

ERATO.

I'm sorry for the occasion; but I see
Your looks are still serene, your brow unruffled:
Mirth more than anger sparkles in your eye.

I think

6 PHILODAMUS.

I think you scarce have giv'n us opportunity
To learn how you look angry.

PHILODAMUS.

Why no, daughter,
For I regard my children as my friends,
As my acquaintance, my society,
Connected by the tend'rest strings of love.
'Tis their affection, 'tis their confidence
I want, and not a formal, cold obedience.
Dread is the seed from which rebellion springs,
And teaches soon to wish a vacant throne.

ERATO.

Your milder government has rather chosen
To copy from those happy states, where one
Is rais'd, for the convenience of the whole,
Rather to represent than exercise
The pow'r supreme.

PHILODAMUS.

I'm glad you think so of me.
Well, since I have not sought to reign by terror,
You'll tell me in what light you see Epicrates.

ERATO.

So close an union knits him to Philippus,
I see him almost as another brother.

PHILODAMUS.

And pray, this other brother, as you call him,
Has ought particular e'er pass'd between you?

ERATO.

No more than general civility,
Th' attention ever paid our sex by yours,
No other than between him and Euphemia.

PHILODAMUS.

Your sentiments?

ERATO.

Are as of an acquaintance
That's always entertaining, oft instructive.

PHILODAMUS.

No more?

ERATO.

No more.

PHI-

A TRAGEDY

7

PHILODAMUS.

Trust me, I'm glad of it.
For when I found that you receiv'd his visits,
And with a kind of caution that imply'd
We would not have the old man find us out,---

ERATO.

Will you but give me leave?

PHILODAMUS.

Not till I've done.----
I did inform me of his character;
And find him, as the general run o' th' time,
Wild in his ways, unmaster'd in his temper,
One who has taken in his teeth the bit,
And run away from rule, one whose glib tongue:
Distils a dang'rous and infective softness,
Which on the passive and unguarded mind:
Works, like a feather dipp'd in pois'nous ointment;
Pleasing while it destroys.----

ERATO.

Do but permit me
To tell you, you're most grossly misinform'd.
Some private enemy hath slander'd him,
If worth like his can find an enemy.
Oh that I knew the wretch! Contempt cleave to him!
Nay, common fame, which, as it rolls along,
Licks up each speck and spot of character,
Impatient to produce them to our eyes,
Speaks him of conduct irreproveable.---

PHILODAMUS.

What, ho! my daughter, whither are you running?
And why so warm for any one acquaintance,
However entertaining or instructive?

ERATO.

Alas! you shew me to myself at once.
How could I be so ign'rant of my heart!
I blush at my own folly. Oh! my father,
Teach me my erring steps how to retrace.
Command me, and I never see him more.

PHILODAMUS.

This picture have I drawn of thy Epicrates,

As

8 PHILODAMUS.

As in a mirror that inverts the truth,
To punish you for not confiding in me.
Start you, my girl, to hear me call him thine?
Why, what a fire has lightned in thy cheek,
And glimmers o'er thy bosom? Yes, my child,
Epicrates is thine, and in an hour
From hence expect to interchange your vows.

ERATO.

I do not only start, I tremble too,
Quite giddy at the unexpected change.
'Tis but this instant that I find I love,
The very same you give away my hand.
I look in wonder round me, like a voyager,
Who, quitting his own country late at evening,
Sleeps o'er the easy passage to another,
And wakes to a new people, and new manners,
Where the whole region wears a different aspect
From that he left.

PHILODAMUS.

As to thy voyage, child,
Be sure it lands thee on a sunshine coast,
Where not a cloud yet lours. But think of this,
That happiness grows not on earth spontaneous.
It is a plant that calls for delicate rearing.
Trifling neglects may chill its tender growth,
And imperceptibly produce that canker
Shall dim the orient tints impress'd by heaven,
And give its fading lustre for a prey
To the harsh worm unkindness. Think this certain,
A necessary consequence, whenever
Familiarity outruns complacency.

ERATO.

Fear not my care. But this too quick transition,
This hurrying so abruptly into marriage,
Ere it is whisper'd in Inquiry's ear,
Robs it of its due air of decency.

PHILODAMUS.

I should distress you, were I to assent
To what your modesty would ask for form.
Do you get ready, while I give my orders

How

A TRAGEDY.

9

How to prepare the feast; not with great pomp,
Yet dignity, because the legate Verres,
Rav'nous as th' eagle on the Roman ensigns,
Is just arriv'd; and 't would inform his avarice
Where to seek out for prey, should we unfold
All our magnificence to 's greedy eye.

[Exit Philodamus.]

SCENE V.

ERATO.

Only to love and honour such a father,
Is to be still ungrateful. I would give
Some wild, romantic proof of my obedience,
Out of the common, trampled road of duty—
Here comes Epicrates. Why all this tumult,
This trouble at him, whom I us'd to meet
With transport, yet be mistress of myself?

SCENE VI.

EPICRATES, ERATO.

EPICRATES.

My loveliest Erato, I can perceive
A sweet confusion in your look, that tells me
You are not unacquainted with my errand.
Will not this gentle hand confirm the promise
This best of days has giv'n me from thy father?

ERATO.

You have it. But I fear, Epicrates, [*giving her hand.*]
You knew too well before to need the question:
For surely you had eyes to read my heart,
However it impos'd upon itself.
May not a time arrive, when you'll despise me,
For the facility with which you win me?

EPICRATES.

Yes, could a time arrive, when imposition,

C

Disguise,

Disguise, and mock'ry, and th' ungen'rous pride
Of giving pain, should grow more meritorious,
Than noble plainness, and free honesty,
Which lift thee from the level of most women,
And make thee ev'ry thing my heart could wish.

ERATO.

Such may you think me still, and I'm too happy!
All that I know, is, that in pure affection,
And reverent submission to your pleasure,
It will be hard indeed for me to err,
Since they're so much my bent and inclination,
I shall not know they are a debt to duty.

EPICRATES.

Thank thee, my gentle love! I am not one
T' out-passion passion, and to o'er-stretch sense,
To rant, in wild hyperbole and rapture,
Such stuff as takes the triflers of thy sex.
My love, obedient to my reason, grew;
Which weigh'd, and study'd thee, and still discover'd
More and new virtues for its admiration.
The search has justified excess of love;
And my best judgment gives thee all my soul.

ERATO.

Grant, Heaven, you do not over-rate my worth!
How poor, and how deserted, shall I seem,
When the imaginary virtues vanish,
And my defects step forward to your view!

EPICRATES.

There I have not a fear. But see! Philippus.
What mean his downcast look, and haggard eye?

ERATO.

S C E N E VII.

PHILIPPUS, EPICRATES, ERATO.

PHILIPPUS.

My friend! my brother! happiness show'r on thee.

EPI-

A TRAGEDY. II

EPICRATES,

It does, till I can hold no more. My friend!
I cannot love thee better, tho' I gain
Another tender name by which to call thee.

PHILIPPUS.

All joy to thee, my dearest Erato!

ERATO.

My brother, you felicitate but coolly.

PHILIPPUS.

It may be so, for I am scarce myself;
Else the content of such a friend and sister
Would animate me into exultation.
Euphemia leaves us.

ERATO.

This was unexpected.

It gives me grief. How shall I bear the parting?

EPICRATES.

So suddenly?

ERATO.

Has ought offended her?

PHILIPPUS.

I have offended her, I have offended her;
Wretch that I am! by telling her I lov'd.
For that I love her, with a flame as pure
As elemental fire unfoild by smoke——

EPICRATES.

Has long been visible enough, Philippus.

PHILIPPUS.

The day when she arriv'd at Lampsacus,
(The sea had ruffled her, and pal'd her cheek
With such a winning languidness, it added
An air of sensibility to beauty,
That only height'ned, what it meant to steal from.)
She had my hand at landing on the pier,
And her first touch was answer'd at my heart,
Which instantly did homage to its sovereign.
I waited long in humble, distant awe,
Smoth'ring my pains; till now, this very morning,
Their violence forc'd a passage from my heart.

EPICRATES.

How did she hear you?

PHILIPPUS.

As she would a tale
Related of feign'd love, and fancy'd persons;
A mere Milesian novel, which we read;
Nor find one track behind it on the mind:
Said, it requir'd no answer, for to-morrow
She sail'd for Corinth.

ERATO.

This is something sudden
But, in these cases, trust a woman's judgment:
We read each other with a piercing eye,
And penetrate, with ease, each latent meaning.
I'm sure Euphemia loves.—

PHILIPPUS.

I've seen it long.
Oh, I've no doubt! Now could I gnaw my heart.

EPICRATES.

Hear me; and if I speak with liberty,
Think, 'tis the surgeon's hand which cannot aid thee
Without first giving pain. Can you conceive,
High as your father stands in Lampfacus,
With such a city bowing to his greatness,
He will consent to wed his only son
(Whate'er her birth, her merit, or her beauty,
May plead in favour of Euphemia)
Into a family, whom banishment
Has stripp'd without remorse of its possessions? —
I could say more, but fear to wound you deeper.
Oh, strive t' o'er-rule this unavailing passion,
And be in time advis'd.

PHILIPPUS.

Go, and advise
The lapse of water down the broken cliff,
Not to obey its own propensity
Which drives it headlong to its place of rest:
Then, if it heed thy bidding, come again,
And I will try to bind my passion prisoner

A TURAGEDY H 13

In Reason's icy fetters. Ah! Epicrates,
'Tis easier to advise, than to assist.

EPICRATES.

Mistake me not.. I For tho' I would dissuade, O A
Yet my dissuasion frees no obligation
That friendship owes to serve you your own way
Therefore, try you to win upon Euphemia,
But to delay her voyage for a little
Mean while, my Erato shall press her father—
Say, wilt thou not, my love?

Erato.

Whate'er you bid,

Were I averse to't; but in such a cause,
My inclinations run before your bidding.
And be you sure, my brother, I will plead
With all the energy of pure affection,
Join'd to the sincere love I bear Euphemia,
Could I but hope so to prevail on him,
As I believe you will on her to stay.
I should have warmer prospect of success.

PHILODAMUS.

I see, and thank, thy goodness, Erato,
Which strives, tho' thou despondest in thy heart,
To give th' unbodied ghost of hope a substance,
And tinge it of some colour: but thy love
Leaves it, at best, evanid.

EPICRATES.

Now, no more.

Go to Euphemia, while we try Philodamus.

[To Erato.] [Exeunt.]

End of ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE I.**PHILODAMUS, ERATINUS.****PHILODAMUS.**

You have my orders. Only this, **Eratinus**,
See that propriety and elegance
Are not encroach'd upon by cloying quantity.

ERATINUS.

I shall.

PHILODAMUS.Yet, do you hear, **Eratinus**!

Do not so check your hand, but that abundance
Smile gracefully upon my board. Forget not
That my dependents and the poor have mouths,
Alas! too seldom fill'd. And can one see
The feast, which lavish luxury has pill'd
With all that sea, and air, and earth produce,
Without the thought, how many of our species
Seem to inhabit quite another world,
And do not know our diet? So, be gone.

[Exit Eratinus.]**SCENE II.****PHILODAMUS, ERATO.****PHILODAMUS.**

How, now! What brings thee here, my gentle daughter?

ERATO.

Euphemia means to leave us, and my heart
Feels heavy for the parting. Then **Philippus**—

PHILODAMUS.

But, **Erato**, where is thy nuptial robe?
I thought to find thee trick'd in all the splendour

THE AUTRAGEDY 25

Which the unsatisfied and curious hand
Of ornament could torture out of fancy.

ERATO.
I hope you have not found me over studious
Of that vain science. You have often told me,
Dress was an indication of the mind,
Which, whether rich and noble with simplicity,
Or light and trifling, wanton in redundancy,
Hung, like a sign, to inform one of what goods
Were to be found within. As for my brother—

PHILODAMUS.
I have so. And why did I so? — To check
A passion that's inherent to thy sex.
The peacock beauty, tho' it spread its state
Quite to the tiptoe stretch of vanity,
Wishes more eyes might stud its gaudy train,
Unsatisfied in all its present pride.

ERATO.
The greater pity we are ever taught
To look on personal perfections
As our prime merit, but the scanty hand
Of Nature, in her dealing out those favours,
Aided by your advice, has cur'd, I hope,
Any excess Epicrates might blame.
I came to say, I tremble for Philippus—

PHILODAMUS.
You can't deny, the sob'rest of you all
Seek in the glare of ornament to hide,
Where-ever Nature wanders from perfection.
You're skilful architects, and know to veil
With rich entablature and wreathing foliage,
Any th' untoward jottings and abutments
That would disgrace your symmetry of buildings,
Making necessity appear as choice.

ERATO.
Now, my best father, hear me of my brother—

PHILODAMUS.
Thou dost recur for ever to that burthen,
And wilt not see, that I with pains elude it;
Nor am I only talkative from age,

Fond

Fond as it is to hear itself discourse,
 But by design. Why, how canst thou imagine
 The care, the fondness, the parental friendship;
 All faithful continels, who, still on duty,
 Ne'er wink their vigilant eyes upon you both;
 Who told me, ere thou toldst them to thyself,
 The secret inclinations of thy heart;
 Could be so drowsy now, as not to observe
 A passion I must disapprove? 'Tis this
 Welcomes Euphemia's departure to me.
 I would be kind, but not to foolishness.

— ERATO.

My heart bleeds for him. I dread something desperate!

PHILODAMUS.

Myself I have surviv'd, more than one cross,
 Which youth and folly thought immediate death;
 Of this no more. Here in the oratory
 I go to pour my pray'rs, and beg of Heaven
 Its blessings on thy marriage and my house.
 Why dost thou follow me?

ERATO.

To shut the oratory.

PHILODAMUS.

What needs it shut? I dare not ask the gods
 What I would wish kept from the ears of men.

[Exit Philodamus.]

S C E N E III.

ERATO.

I see my brother following Euphemia,
 And will avoid him, till I meet Epicrates:
 Or he will jointly try to move my father,
 Or soften our sad errand in the telling.

PHILODAMUS.

Thou dost return for ever to that prison,
 At which I with pain have glid'd in.

S C E N E

Not am I only relative from age

SCENE IV.
PHILIPPUS, EUPHEMIA.

PHILIPPUS.

This is too much. This dumb indifference!
Oh, rather let me suffer all thy hate,
And learn it from thyself: it would be kind,
As it must end a life of wretchedness.
Yet stop, and answer me. Cannot these tears
Obtain one only day; 'tis all I ask;
Nor yet the friendship you profess to Erato?

EUPHEMIA.

Her marriage makes my stay unnecessary.
My resolutions are immutable.

PHILIPPUS.

Cruel Euphemia! But I see the cause
Which wings your leagerness to take its flight.
Think you, a lover's eye could be so dull'd,
His soul so drench'd with thick stupidity,
As to o'erlook the thousand treach'rous signs
Which tell, spite of yourself, the darling secret?
The sigh half smother'd, and the melting look,
The thought abstracted, and the ardent wish,
With all the kindred attributes of passion,
Proclaim, to full conviction, that your heart
Is prepossess'd, and thence my love condemn'd.

EUPHEMIA.

To this I owe no answer: free to love
Or hate, of you unquestion'd.

PHILIPPUS.

You say right: Nor would I now detain you for one moment.
Fly to your lover; fly: the ship attends you!
Go; think a hurricane, a tardy wind,
And all too loit'ring for such dear impatience.
Then, ere the indistinct horizon shew

18 PHILODAMUS.

The rising hills of Corinth like a mist,
Have your arms stretch'd out ready to embrace him ;
Stay not to land, but plunge into his bosom.
Oh bliss of gods ! which cannot know increase,
Unless, as I am urg'd by strong despair,
I glut your eyes with what they long to see,
The bleeding, mangled triumph of your beauty.

EUPHEMIA.

Ah ! do not force me from my resolution,
My reason, and my duty, to discover
What I would lock for ever in this bosom,
Known only to myself. Why will you torture me
For what, when told, will draw upon thyself
A dreadful train of bitterest repentance ?

PHILIPPUS.

I am past fear of worse. Oh ! tell me all,
Tho' death attend upon the explanation !
Nor think revenge may interrupt your happiness :
My enmity is pointed at myself.

EUPHEMIA.

'Tis true ; one has possession of my heart :
Nor malice can reprove my choice. His worth
Allow'd by all, tho' doubted by himself,
Of rank exalted, but of more distinction
For what he owes to none, honour and merit ;
His tongue drops honey, and, where'er he speaks,
Attention blames herself of negligence,
Tho' she's all ear and eye. Then for his person---
In pride of youth, words are too poor to paint it.

PHILIPPUS.

Refrain thy lavish praise, or I shall burst.
Ye tort'ers of the soul, Rage, Envy, Jealousy,
I fail beneath the lashing of your scourges !
Forgive my frenzy ; I, like you, adore
His wondrous virtues ; I, like you, would worship
Perfections heav'n created but for him.
Oh ! say, where stands his altar ? To this god,
Under what name shall I address my incense ?

I crave

I crave his name, that happiest of names;
Oh, for that name of names!—

EUPHEMIA.

Why, you are mad!
Nor do, deserve to know, nor should you know,
But that I leave you, ne'er to see you more;
And that your wildness of misapprehension,
Fancy'ng another master of my soul,
Has humbled me to the too plain avowal
Of what the delicacy of my sex
Should doom to sleeping everlasting silence;
It is Philippus: Know you such a man,
That rival of himself?

PHILIPPUS.

Can I be sure
That I exist? support me, or I faint!
Astonishment has wrapp'd me from myself;
My senses whirl them round in giddy eddies;
Too much for nature's substance! scarce can life
Cohabit with the tumult of my joy.

EUPHEMIA.

Avoid these starts of rapture, which but add
Fresh poison to the stings of disappointment.
Imagination views her favorite prospect,
Till, lost in soft delusion, she approaches
Even the blue sky to her eager reach,
Skipping the middle space, which teems with obstacles.

PHILIPPUS.

What lion glares athwart the promis'd way?
Has not my love confess'd her gen'rous flame?
What then can come between me and my wishes?

EUPHEMIA.

Are you to learn then what may come between?
What are ingratitude and disobedience?
And if Philippus (devious from the tenor
Of his past life, bursting each sacred band
That links his duty to so mild a father,
Obedience to him is but awful friendship)

Could take to's arms an unblest'd vagabond,
 Think not Euphemia of so base a spirit,
 To ruin by her love the man she loves,
 Or blast by a mean deed of selfishness
 The only friend destruction left her parents;
 Taint, like a pois'nous worm, those kindly branches
 That yield her food and shelter.

PHILIPPUS.

I have won
 Epicrates and Erato to ask——

EUPHEMIA.

Ask him to set this ample roof on fire,
 Or sink his riches in the boundless sea,
 And he shall laugh less at us.

PHILIPPUS.

Dost thou doom me
 To pine beneath thy ineffectual love?
 Away with these refinements! let us fly;
 Fly to thy mother, till resentment here
 Thaw into reconciliation. She at least
 Will bless me, while I ever seek to pay her,
 In duty, the dear debt I owe for thee.

EUPHEMIA.

Pay it at home. You little know that mother;
 Nor would she own the name, should I revisit her;
 Unworthy of her love. Distress had never
 The power to eat into her solid virtue,
 Nor roughen with its rust the perfect polish.
 One female slave attends her; their joint labour
 Earns hard support, oft borrowing from night
 Its softest hours of rest; and I defraud her,
 While I am absent, of my share of toil.
 Would I had never left her! never left her!

PHILIPPUS.

Oh, only kind to heighten cruelty!

EUPHEMIA.

I've said too much. We part! take this embrace,
 The first and last I give! Shun we each other!

Trust

A TRAGEDY.

21

Trust not a look, and think a sigh rebellion
Against our duties. So farewell!

[Exit. *Shuts the Door.*]

PHILIPPUS.

One word!

She's gone! she's lost for ever! Oh, my brain! [Ex.]

SCENE V.

PHILODAMUS.

The gods have heard my pray'r, and sent their answer:
I ask'd them for a blessing on my house,
And they have brought this woman to my ear,
That I might learn her worth. How nobly strict!
How just to me! how duteous to her mother!
There I've been negligent—The voice of misery
Is often lost to pity's ear by distance.
Hide from the eye distress, compassion loses
Its best, almost sole entrance to the heart,
And leaves disaster by itself to languish.
It shall be mended. Erato, Epicrates,
Hark ye, a word.

SCENE VI.

Enter ERATO, EPICRATES.

Haste thee, my gentle daughter,
Upon a message thou'lt be glad to bear.
I would not hear thee, when thou wouldst have mov'd me
To listen to the sorrows of thy brother.
Himself I've heard. Fly to him, child, and tell him,
I love Euphemia little less than he does,
And long to give her to him. Haste, away.

ERATO.

Oh, happy change! how I shall bless Philippus! [Ex.]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

EPICRATES, PHILODAMUS.

EPICRATES.

Now you have heap'd the measure of my joy
 In thus preventing what I meant to urge
 In favour of Euphemia. This completes
 What you began, in hast'ning my felicity ;
 Which else had waited the interposition
 Of friends, ere I had ty'd this with'd alliance.
 A life so lib'ral in dispensing happiness
 Claims ev'ry pray'r for blessings in return.

PHILODAMUS.

There is more usury in making happy,
 Than the most studied selfishness e'er dream'd of.
 My son, except that his is more tumultuous,
 Owns not more joy—And as for you, Epicrates,
 Had the whole world been open to my choice,
 That I could say, Here will I give my daughter ;
 Thou wert the man ; the one my soul would cleave to.
 I love thy probity, and gentle nature,
 That form and fashion of the present time,
 Which grows a virtue when it is allied
 To antique truth, and sanctity of manners ;
 And that timidity of modest merit,
 Without the bookish, down-look'd awkwardness,
 Which oft disgraces knowledge—Who attends there ?
 Send here Earinus. [To a Servant.

EPICRATES.

Such commendation
 I dare not think my own. Yet I would wish
 Your favour should not be mistaken widely,
 That I may prove not wholly undeserving
 The hand of Erato.

Enter EARINUS.

My lord, your orders.

PHILODAMUS.

Thou art too much employ'd thyself, to quit
The general inspection of this day:
Therefore, Earinus, have thou in readiness
Some servant of especial trust, to bear
A packet to the port; it is of consequence.

EARINUS.

Or Æschylus, my Lord; or Xanthias---

PHILODAMUS.

Ay, either;

E'en which you will: let it be giv'n on board
The vessel which Euphemia meant to sail in:
Thus better freighted with the chearing news
(For this will cheer Lyfistrata her mother)
Of our alliance.

EPICRATES.

Thank you for a goodness.

Which never acts, as I perceive, by halves;
But at this time you're all too overhurried
For such dispatches; at your better leisure
This may be done as well.

PHILODAMUS.

Epicrates,

I tell thee what. I should be less punctilious
Had Fortune never turn'd her back upon her:
But where Adversity has fix'd her teeth,
It leaves a soreness, that is sure to smart
At light suspicions of unmeant contempt.
The veriest trifles, which, in happier days,
Slip our observance, and leave no impression,
Assume the shape of Injury and Insult,
To rankle in the mind---I write besides
To press her, with her earliest convenience,
To hasten hither, and to make this house
Her place of residence---Oh! here they come.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

PHILODAMUS, EUPHEMIA, PHILIPPUS,
EPICRATES.

PHILODAMUS.

Well, Erato, how hast thou sped thy message?
Or meet you difficulties and objections?
What says our son? Does he refuse t' obey us?
Or is Euphemia not to be prevail'd on?
What, is she so determin'd on her voyage,
She will not listen?----How! dissolv'd in tears!
I thought you had not own'd such weak humanity.

EUPHEMIA.

I was prepar'd and fortify'd 'gainst misery.
Unguarded to this vast surprise of joy.
Whatever resolution we pretend,
By my own weakness I'm too well convinc'd
Our passions still are woman.

PHILODAMUS.

Worth, like thine,
Is all too scarce in man. Thy sex, Euphemia,
Whether in good or bad, will distance ours.
This hand, say, may I give it to Philippus?

EUPHEMIA.

My heart was giv'n before. Oh ecstasy,
That you approve and realize the gift!

PHILIPPUS.

*Avoid these starts of rapture, which but add
Fresh poison to the stings of disappointment.*
Oh best of men! oh Erato! oh friend! oh father!
Was ever such a father! Oh! Euphemia!
Dost not adore him! but I know thou dost;
Forgive my wildness---do not laugh at me---

PHILODAMUS.

Contract your transports, and retire a little,
While they prepare this chamber for the ceremony,
That gives you to each other, once and ever.

[Exeunt.]

End of ACT II.

2 A TRAGEDY! 25

ACT III. SCENE I.

VERRES's Palace.

RUBRIUS, APRONIUS, SESTIUS.

RUBRIUS.

Ha! our old harbinger! How is't, Apronius?

APRONIUS.

Glad you're arriv'd: How fare you, Rubrius?

Sestius, I'm yours; welcome to Lampſacus.

SESTIUS.

Thank you, Apronius: You arriv'd before us?

APRONIUS.

Ay, these ten days, to order your reception.

But where's the Legate, that I see him not?

RUBRIUS.

Reposing after the fatigue of journey.

APRONIUS.

Fatigue! why, his sedan steps with that smoothness,

So stuff'd with cushions, that he rather seems

To float upon the air, than move on earth.

SESTIUS.

You know his delicacy, to what height

He has improv'd that science, whose perfection

Consists in picking cause of discontent,

Fatigue, and disappointment, where we gross ones,

Thanks to our want of taste, meet satisfaction.

RUBRIUS.

Why, he was four'd but at the last relay,

Because the country round about could furnish

Only some two poor bushels of fresh roses,

Hardly enough to arm his queasy sense

Against eight sturdy Cappadocian slaves,

Who melted as they bore along his litter.

APRONIUS.

Well, are your purses cramm'd? You have not serv'd

E

Under

Under so great a master in the art
Of plund'ring, to return with empty hands?

SESTIUS.

Ask Rubrius there, he is an able workman;
I'm but a 'prentice, and can only pilfer.

RUBRIUS.

Nothing to boast of, yet not much amiss.
The legate kept t' himself king Nicomedes,
As a right royal dish, and only serv'd
To his own mess, where we were not to feed:
And he has pick'd him to the bone, nay suck'd
His very marrow. Irus might be richer
Than Asia's monarch now.

APRONIUS.

At least in vermin.

I like your prudence; while you fleec'd the court,
But spar'd the people, you ensur'd their love.

RUBRIUS.

Ensur'd their love! say you? ensur'd their love!
If plague, war, famine, shipwreck may be lov'd,
Then we may have our share on't, and not else.

SESTIUS.

How stand your lists for pillage, and for women?
For let me tell you, he's sharp set on both.
You need not doubt but he'll inquire for them
Soon as he sees you.

RUBRIUS.

But, Apronius,

What is the present state of vice and villany
In Lampfacus?

APRONIUS.

In little, as at Rome,

The great are vicious openly, 'bove fear
Of the law's rod, which humbly bows before them;
As your mine-searchers say their hazle twig
Stoops to the latent gold beneath. Again,
The middle rank is vicious out of pride,
Copying the larger manners of their betters,
Ev'n till they swell their narrowness to bursting.

The

The trading sort are honest, their indentures
Invest them with the privilege to cozen us.

SESTIUS.
What no more honesty alive than this?

APRONIUS.
Alive! she died a beggar unreliev'd.

RUBRIUS.
So! we may fancy then ourselves at home,
Since vice stalks unrepov'd here.

APRONIUS.
Your philosophers
Subsist by daily holding forth against it,
And, in mere gratitude, at night indulge in it.

SESTIUS.
Apronius, you say nothing to the women.

APRONIUS.
Pooh! they are here, as in all other places.
Why, there's no variation in the sex
But what dress makes: their bodies stripp'd of that,
(And could one see their souls stripp'd of their bodies)
One could not know an empress from an housemaid.

RUBRIUS.
Now, you're severe——

SESTIUS.
Hush! here the legate comes.

SCENE II.

VERRES, APRONIUS, RUBRIUS, SESTIUS.

VERRES.
Well, my good friends, how like you Lampfacus?
'Tis a brave city.—Art thou here, Apronius?
What my purveyor, the sutler to my pleasures?

APRONIUS, *bowing*.
And sometimes to your profit.

VERRES.
Name not profit
As yet. We only spread our sails tow'rd's pleasure;
Thou

Thou look'st as if the wind blew prosperous thither.
 Read me the bill of fare of beauty's feast,
 That I may know where to direct my appetite,
 Nor throw't away on ordinary diet.

APRONIUS.

For the first dish, I place upon your board
 "Euridice, the wife of Aristippus, [Reads.
 "Barely eighteen; her husband some three-score:"
 The fool dotes on her, and sticks closely to her,
 A filthy slug on a delicious peach.
 The crispness of her youth is green upon her,
 Yet not to sourness, tho' improveable,
 Like fruit another morning's sun had mellow'd.

SESTIUS.

He should have kept his fruit for the dessert.

RUBRIUS.

The rogue's description is so savoury,
 That my mouth waters at it. Let's hear on. } *aside.*

APRONIUS.

But all this beauty fades its less'ning merit
 In Erato's superior lustre dimm'd.

VERRES.

Who is this Erato? when comes her turn?
 I want to hear of her.

APRONIUS.

She is the daughter
 Of the first man in Lampascus, Philodamus.
 She has a fair companion, call'd Euphemia,
 Whose beauty borders upon competition.

RUBRIUS.

D'ye hear, Apronius! I bespeak Euphemia.

APRONIUS.

Go hang, or learn to cater for yourself.
 "The next is Psyche, wedded to Eubulus, [Reads.
 "Near upon thirty, tall, and rather plumpish."
 If she be past the gush and swell of beauty,
 Is hard to say, so imperceptibly
 Hath time blown o'er it, that 'twould make one think
 He strove to mend it; as the rose smells sweeter
 For being breath'd on, than before it opens.

Yet

Yet Erato, who blooms in balmy fragrance,
Subdues, like incense, all these weak perfumes.

VERRES.

Why, tell me of them then? Proceed to Erato.

APRONIUS.

[Reads.]

"Rhodè, the fair and witty wife of Lyco."
Another may possess more regular features,
Or glow with richer tints from nature's pallette;
Yet where she comes, array'd in all her gaiety,
Her bursts of fancy, and her pleasing petulance,
Variety unweary'd plays about her,
And quite monopolizes all attention;
Till in the pow'rful witchcraft soon absorpt,
Superior beauties wane into neglect.
Except——

VERRES.

Always excepting Erato,
For that I find's the burthen to thy song.
I'm all on fire! tell me of Erato.

APRONIUS.

I have a score behind——

VERRES.

I'll hear no more.

Tell me of Erato! she must be mine.
My faithful pimp, hast thou devis'd the means
For me to meet this paragon of beauty?
Where? when? how soon? to-day? presently? now?

APRONIUS.

There lies the rub. That heav'nly form of hers
Does not start higher from the common level,
Than does her perfect purity of manners
Above the doubtful virtues of this age.

RUBRIUS.

Apronius! what hast thou to do with purity?
Thou seem'st to name it in a kind of rapture!

APRONIUS.

I am a rascal, else I should not be
Link'd to thy company. I practise villany,
But must esteem the virtues I don't imitate.

SESTIUS.

SESTIUS.

What! art thou subject to these moral fits?
How long do th' hold thee? dost thou mischief in them?

VERRES.

Ye trifle, while my soul is on the rack
How to possess her, for I will possess her.
Can money purchase, or must flattery win,
Or force convey her to my raptur'd arms?
Who has invention? let him merit of me
All he can ask, or wish, or I can give.
There's glory in the conquest, if we carry
This barricado'd virtue.

APRONIUS.

To my thoughts

All methods seem alike impracticable.
Better take up with one of those I've mention'd.
Had you not heard of her, you had embrac'd
One, tho' a meaner beauty, in your arms,
And thought her Ilia and Egeria,

VERRES.

Villain! upon thy life, dare not suggest
The transfer of my passion from that object,
Where thou hast rivetted m' imagination.

RUBRIUS.

I have a lucky thought that comes across me.
Tho' I am quarter'd on a stately house,
Where pride and riches make a vain attempt
To pass upon the world for liberality,
That only virtue man can't counterfeit;
Yet my host views me with a niggard eye,
That means, Are you come here to eat me up?
Portending penury of hospitality.
Let this be your pretence for my removal
To the more ample station of Philodamus.
You, and your train, dine with me there to-day.
Who knows what opportunities may offer?
If none, why then the brave make opportunities.
Wine, and the gen'ral hurry of the feast,
Shall one inspire, t'other facilitate,
Some fortunate attempt to crown your wishes.

VERRES.

A TRAGEDY. 31

VERRES.

Let me embrace thee, my best Rubrius.
Order a guard directly to the house.

RUBRIUS.

But, why a guard?

VERRES.

Because, by the pretence
To do thee honour, we secure ourselves.
Tread you upon its heels, and I on yours.
Why, now success stretches his hand towards mine,
And gives me more than promises. Come on.

[*Exeunt Verres and Rubrius.*]

S C E N E III.

SESTIUS, APRONIUS.

SESTIUS.

'Twere wrong and dangerous to force the damsel.

APRONIUS.

Who has the *moral fit* upon him now?
Art thou a Roman, and decline a rape?
Dost thou not fear thy Sabine ancestress,
All pale, should start up from her urn, and chide
The dastard spirit of her degenerate son?
A rape in other nations may sound vile.—
In us, 'tis to commemorate our progenitors.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

PHILODAMUS's House.

PHILODAMUS, EPICRATES, PHILIP-
PUS, ERATO, EUPHEMIA.

PHILODAMUS.

Go, crown the household Gods with freshest flowers,

And

And hang the gay festoon on ev'ry column,
 Bid my house laugh and imitate its owner.
 I feel a joy equivalent to youth,
 That dances at my heart. And to be joyful,
 Is to be thankful to the gracious gods.
 Come near, my children. You whom nature gave me,
 Scarce dearer to me than these new acquir'd.
 May all Heav'n's blessings light upon you all.

[Lays his hands on them.]

EPICRATES.

You have anticipated all in this:
 Nor have you left me matter for a pray'r,
 Save for continuance of the present happiness.

PHILIPPUS.

If you, my father, but from the reflection,
 From the rebound of our content, perceive
 Such warmth; think how our bosoms glow, on which
 Felicity darts all her rays direct.

PHILODAMUS.

[To the women.]

Lost in deep thought! I have observ'd it often,
 That any unexpected flow of joy
 Borrows from grief its very mien and aspect,
 And seems to sadden more than cheer the heart.

ERATO.

My thoughts were but petitions to high Heaven,
 That such benignity might long preside
 O'er all the happiness it has dispens'd.

EUPHEMIA.

Mine, that a life entire of strict attention,
 All care, and all affection, still must leave me
 Bankrupt in duty to you.

PHILODAMUS.

This I fought not.

I thank you all, however; most, the Gods;
 Who have allow'd me to behold my children
 Plac'd to my wish: and now I reach the hour
 I long have ey'd at distance with desire,
 Wherein to shift life's bus'ness from my shoulders,
 And sport with the remainder of my days;

As one, who, all his baggage put on board,
Saunters, and plays with ev'ry shell and pebble
He meets upon the beach, till the wind veer,
And then puts off, when summon'd, without hurry.
I feel that I have leisure now to die.

ERATO.

My dearest father, shun th' ill-omen'd word:
Nor draw a cloud 'thwart this solemnity,
With the sad thought, of, what the Gods avert!

PHILODAMUS.

I only mean, my child, my work is done;
The ball wound up of all I had to do.
And as to dying—if this very day
It were to happen, why, I've liv'd enough.

EPICRATES.

Why chuse this subject in these happy moments
Which gaiety and joy claim for their own?

PHILODAMUS.

Th' Aruspex and the Augur! let us hear them.

Enter ARUSPEX and AUGUR.

Walk in. Have you perform'd the sacrifice?

ARUSPEX.

We have: and our litation was most perfect.
The flame upon the altar, bright and vivid,
Aspir'd to Heaven, and wreath'd its dancing point.
With scarce a groan the placid victim fell.
The form, sight, and complexion of the entrails
Auspicious all, without one threat'ning fibre.

PHILODAMUS.

What says your observation?

AUGUR.

Accurately,
The Heav'ns we quarter'd, and remark'd the flight
Of ev'ry wing that wander'd thro' the air,
Listen'd to all that spoke to divination.
Num'rous the omens on the happy side,
Naught on the adverse that might derogate.

F

And

And to confirm and ratify the whole,
The eagle wheel'd him in a thousand rings,
Floating upon his wide-expanded vans;
Far on the left, in the blue sky serene
The thunder roll'd, disarm'd of all its fires.

PHILODAMUS.

What draw ye from the whole?

ARUSPEX.

To all here present
Long years of happiness that crowd tow'rs light.

AUGUR.

To you, old age; to these a num'rous progeny.

PHILODAMUS.

Call in the Minstrels, and begin the rites.

Enter MINSTRELS.

Hark ye, my friends, give me some decent hymn;
None of those licences, too oft permitted,
Rather encourag'd at these times, which turn
A nuptial feast into a brothel riot.

MINSTREL.

We know our place too well.

PHILODAMUS.

So then, begin.

And you, my gentle children, while they chaunt
The deity presiding over marriage,
Conceive your vows, heaping the grateful altar
With incense, that shall waft them up to Heaven.

EPITHALAMIUM.

For two Womens Voices.

1st voice.

Hymen, oh Hymen,

2d voice.

Haste, haste, Hesperus,

Both.

{ Thy decent steps advance,
Thy beaming lamp
Love already chides thy stay

1st voice.

Lead on the graceful dance:

2d voice.

Shut, ah! shut ungrateful day?

1st voice?

1st voice. Hymen, oh Hymen.

Man, yet a savage stray'd,
And but of brutes the first;
By liberty was wretched made,
By love itself was curs'd,
Now violence alone employs
To heap his feast, and quench his cruel joys.

2d voice. Haste, haste, Hesperus.

Unwillingly you shone,
And beautified the night;
While lust and rapine wak'd alone,
And bay'd thy silver light.
An uncouth world enjoy'd thy toil,
And man uncultur'd as his parent soil.

1st voice. Hymen, oh Hymen.

Till at Jove's high behest
Thou ledd'st thy comely choir;
Order, and Right, behind thee prest,
And temperate Desire;
The social Duties round thee stood,
Link'd in the chains of amity and blood.

2d voice. Haste, haste, Hesperus.

Oh loveliest of stars——

[Ends abrupt, on Cornelius entering with a Roman guard.

PHILODAMUS.

Suspend the song. What means this Roman guard?
Retire, my daughters, till we know the cause.

[Exeunt women and all the attendants.

PHILIPPUS.

Ye are mistaken. Do ye know this house,
And where its owner ranks in Lampfacus?

CORNELIUS.

Saxa, and Rufus! Yonder is your guard.
No, no, there's no mistake. Yours, Mutius,
With these three others, all that colonnade.

The rest are ready planted. No mistake;
I know your house and rank, and know my orders.

PHILIPPUS. [*Low to Philodamus.*]

Let me but drive these fellows out of doors——

PHILODAMUS.

Rash boy, forbear. These fellows are our masters.

EPICRATES.

But the indignity——

PHILODAMUS.

Are you a boy too?

CORNELIUS.

Be not alarm'd. I only follow orders,
And am plac'd here to honour Rubrius,
Who comes to take his quarters in your house.

EPICRATES.

Why, this is not an inn for ev'ry comer
Who chuses to set up his staff in it.

PHILIPPUS.

A consul, or a prætor have found here
Worthy reception. Legate never claim'd
Such privilege, much less a legate's follower.

PHILODAMUS.

Be still; 'tis not this honest soldier's fault.
Pray, tell me, friend, who is this Rubrius?

CORNELIUS.

To tell you the plain truth, he's one of those,
(We've quantity enough of them at Rome),
By hanging on the great, who's learn'd their manners,
Or rather overacts: at first admitted
For low buffooneries and mean submissions,
For being either any thing or nothing,
Receiv'd, rejected, feasted, sent on errands,
Their fool, companion, pimp, friend, slave, and equal;
Grown by degrees so necessary to them,
They recollect not their own manufacture,
But ev'n strike sail to'm, when he holds his head up,
As all such do, and higher than their masters,
This sword here earns me coarser bread, but honest.

PHILODAMUS.

A guest indeed, who does me mighty honour!

The

A TRAGEDY. 37

The legate must have err'd thro' ignorance
Of my condition, and I go to explain it.

[Going.]

CORNELIUS.

With all my heart. I'll obey any orders.

Enter SOLDIER.

Rubrius comes.

CORNELIUS.

What, ho! Stand to your guard.

[Exit.]

PHILODAMUS.

So very quick! why, this is done on purpose
To make complaint too slow.

[Returning.]

PHILIPPUS.

'Tis not too late

To shut the door in's face, give me but leave.

PHILODAMUS.

Stay, madman! nor provoke bad things to worse,
Since we are slaves, why do we talk like freemen?
All that is left us, is submission.

EPICRATES.

Surely

You won't—

PHILIPPUS.

No, sure, you won't, my father—

PHILODAMUS.

Yes, but I will, and more. Upon your duties;
You shall absent you from my house the while.
I know your indignation and high spirits.
Would you renew the Lapithean fray,
And mingle wine with blood? No arguing.

EPICRATES.

I only wish you have no need of us.

PHILIPPUS.

We may conduct the women to his house?

PHILO--

PHILODAMUS.

Not glaring in the streets, amid the populace.

At close of evening I'll convey them to you.

Farewell, now disappear, I hear a bustle.

[*Exeunt Epicrates and Philippus.*]GUARD, *within.*

Stand by.

Second GUARD.

Stand by, there!

PHILODAMUS.

Now for my best face,

That it mark no resentment to my guest.

SCENE V.

RUBRIUS.

Trust me, Philodamus, it grieves me much

To be a burthen to you! but the legate,

Thinking the Roman dignity infring'd

By the faint splendour where I last was station'd,

Has order'd this remove.

PHILODAMUS.

The case is new,

But we obey th' injunction of our lords.

Pray, think this house your own. Nay, it is so:

And that it might afford ampler reception,

This instant I have sent away my son.

RUBRIUS, *eagerly.*

You have not sent away your daughter, too?

PHILODAMUS.

That needed not! you know her range of chambers

Can never interfere with these apartments.

RUBRIUS.

Your house is royal----(I suppose this door

Leads to th' apartment of the women.)

PHILODAMUS.

No,

This on the left.

RUBRIUS.

A TRAGEDY 39

RUBRIUS.

-----And I shall not disgrace it
By those I've bid; the Legate and his train
Will dine here! he was close behind. He comes.

[Horns.]

PHILODAMUS.
And in right time. I think the table's serv'd.
Haste we to meet him.

RUBRIUS.

I attend upon you.

[Exeunt.]

End of ACT III.

Enter PHILODAMUS and VERRES.

PHILODAMUS.

We are not so deficient in your history
But that some very venerable names
Curius, Cincinnatus, and Fabricius;
Brutus, and Regulus, and Scipio;
With others of like name; transmit their rays
Thro' distance and the distance of language
To influence and light our German words.
As those were characters fit for those times;
Were they to live again, they would be wiser
Or else incur the penalties and pains
Their ignorance we've complained honestly.

What

40 PHILODAMUS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

RUBRIUS, APRONIUS, SESTIUS fuddled.

APRONIUS.

This is a noble feast. I would the giver
Had been prevail'd upon to drink more freely.
He still evaded, press him how we could.

RUBRIUS.

Curse his sobriety! it is so obstinate,
It looks as he suspected our design.

SESTIUS.

For his sobriety, why that's unpardonable;
In all the rest he seems an honest fellow.

APRONIUS.

Sestius, thy wine recoils upon thyself.
We'll try again; and, while they sponge the tables,
Take care you call for wine. Oh! here they are.

SCENE II.

Enter PHILODAMUS and VERRES.

PHILODAMUS.

We are not so deficient in your history,
But that some very venerable names,
Curius, Cincinnatus, and Fabricius;
Brutus, and Regulus, and Scipio;
With others of like fame; transmit their rays,
Thro' distance and the difference of language,
To influence and light our Grecian world.

VERRES.

Ay, those were characters fit for those times;
Were they to live again, they would be wiser,
Or else incur the penalty, and starve.
Their ignorance we've complimented honesty.

What

A TRAGEDY. 41

What was their merit in despising riches
They had no use for, as they knew no luxury?

PHILODAMUS.

Strange! that the probity, which wrought your greatness,
Should not maintain its estimation with you.

RUBRIUS.

My noble guest, and very lib'ral host,
Suppose, the while they reinstate the chamber,
We call'd for wine. Philodamus grows serious.

PHILODAMUS.

Not in the least; far from it.

RUBRIUS. [*Table with Wine.*

Bring some wine;

Pour to my landlord here. Why, my good friend,
There's nought defective in your hospitality,
But that you baulk too much the social bowl,
And are not chearful. We embarrass you.

PHILODAMUS.

Oh! not at all.

VERRES.

Trust me, I fear we do.

SESTIUS.

What! flinch a sober cup! we'll no excess;
I hate a drunkard worse than you can do.

PHILODAMUS.

I am but in the place of a first butler,
Who must keep sober, to observe his master.

APRONIUS.

But you disgrace the office. Why, a butler
Drinks twice, in quantity and quality,
His master's draught.

PHILODAMUS.

Have me excus'd, I pray you,
Take your own freedom, and allow me mine.

SESTIUS.

Freemen are friends to drink. Look ye, your slave
Fears to unbar his breast. Now wine commits,
As 'twere, a kind of *rape* upon his secrets.

PHILODAMUS.

Let me put no restraint upon your pleasures;

G

But

42 PHILODAMUS.

But for myself—We eat not the same weight,
Why then oblig'd to drink by the same measure?

VERRES.

Press we our host no more. There is a time
When a dull clog hangs on our flagging spirits;
A listlessness, and an indisposition
To mirth, and all the chearful ways of men,
Which wayward struggles 'gainst its remedy,
As patients nauseate the draught that cures them.
I have known music have a great effect
In dissipating this cold, gloomy humour.
Apronius, is your voice in tune?

APRONIUS.

I'll try.

S O N G.

When Theseus left his Ariadne,
(Fast in her bed the poor girl was a blinking),
Drowned herself for grief she had nigh;
But second thoughts soon inclin'd her to drinking.

Sh' illumin'd her face, till it shone with that brightness,
It turn'd to a star, which gives proof of her lightness.

VERRES.

How so? I thought she had been crown'd with stars.

APRONIUS.

Her loves with Bacchus, and her stellar wreath,
Are allegorical, and mean no more
Than the song tells us.

SESTIUS.

And all songs tell truth.

A gallant fellow at a rape, that Theseus;
I know his hist'ry: he'd the first of Helen.

RUBRUS.

Right, Sestius, to make sure of that priority,
Like a wise man, he stole her in her childhood.

VERRES.

Would she were here! not quite indeed so young,
Nor yet so far advanc'd, as when she quitted

Lank

A TRAGEDY. 43

Lank Menelaus for her curl'd adulterer;
Or any other Helen. For that company,
Tho' chosen e'er so well, if only men,
Sours into argument, or quickly mopes.
What is the feast where women are excluded!

APRONIUS.

A trough for swine to gorge at, where they swill,
To surfeiting in noise and nastiness.

RUBRIUS.

Man would immediately relapse to beast,
If woman did not humanize the brute,
And make him shave his beard and pare his nails.
Where-e'er she treads, good humour leads the way,
Pleasure, light-hearted mirth, and elegance,
Compose her train, and joy is all her own.
Wine was invented to supply her place,
And but enhances more the want of her.

SESTIUS.

I don't find that.

APRONIUS.

Within these walls is one,
Who had sham'd Helen, given her the pip,
And, to excuse her looks, had made her swear
She had not slept the whole precedent night,
Tho' she had had her husband by her side.
I mean the daughter of our gen'rous host.
Nay, her companion is almost her rival.
And, on my conscience, I could well believe
That Leda laid more eggs than we are told of,
Which have been somehow kept, and newly hatch'd,
To shew true beauty to the present age.

VERRES.

It is inhuman to confine the women,
Who best adorn, and ought to share the feast.
Let me beseech you, we may have their company.

PHILODAMUS.

My daughter in the company of men,
Where the mad bowl inspires unmaster'd licence!
What! a chaste virgin be a blushing witness
To the gross meaning of your lewd allusions!

44 PHILODAMUS.

Bear the familiar pressure of the hand,
And all the ribald manners, now call'd fashion!
The thought is infamous.

SESTIUS.

Hark you me, landlord,
If she's so chaste, she would not understand them.
If not, 'tis not the pressure of the hand
Will do her harm.

VERRES.

In truth, Philodamus,
Your Grecian ceremonial is too strict.—
We'll argue this within;—and shall convince you,
That the security of female virtue
Rests safest on its early introduction
To the familiarity of men.
Come, friends, to the next room. I know you're thirsty
To pledge me to the health of this new Helen.

[*Exeunt all but Sestius and Philodamus.*]

S C E N E III.

SESTIUS, PHILODAMUS.

SESTIUS.

Hist! old formality! Hark you me, friend!
An you will pledge me in a single bowl:
I'll tell y' a secret that shall make you laugh.
But you'll not blab, for I detest a blabber.
You never heard a scheme of greater pleasantry.

PHILODAMUS.

He may know something worthy my discovery.
'Tis fair to catch the truth that's leaking thro' him. [*Aside.*]
If but for once then, I accept your challenge.
Here's to you.

SESTIUS.

Now that's spoken like a man. [*Both drink.*]
Why, you must know we came on purpose hither,
To carry off—this, what's her name! this Helen—

You

You can guess who I mean—Don't be a fool now,
To blow the secret, and prevent our sport.

PHILODAMUS.

All-gracious heav'n! [*Aside.*]—Oh! never doubt my prudence---
Yes! all things join to prove it. [*Aside.*]—Never fear me.---
Oh, sacred hospitality profan'd! [*Aside.*]—
But join your company, lest they suspect
The confidence you've made.

SESTIUS.

Tut! never doubt them!
[*Exit Sestius.*]

SCENE IV.

PHILODAMUS, EARINUS.

PHILODAMUS.

Earinus, thou faithfullest of servants!—
Oh, heav'n and earth! the soul of man is villany!—
Fly, with the utmost speed of fear, and tell them—
Art thou not gone?

EARINUS.

Whither, my lord? to whom?
Tell what?

PHILODAMUS!

I crave thy mercy, my Earinus;
Impatience stops itself with its own hurry.
Fly to Philippus and Epicrates,
Tell them, my guests are vipers, adders, scorpions,
That mean to sting to death my daughter's honour,
Erato's and Euphemia's—Nay, come back;
Why dost thou run away with half thy errand?
Tell them—Ye Gods instruct me how to act!
Tell them, to arm themselves and servants privily:
See that my own are ready---Stay, command them,
As they respect and love me, not to strike
Till avow'd violence demand resistance.---
Once more come back---Tell them, they hurt not Sestius.
What he disclos'd, thanks to his wine, shall save him.
Away. [*Exit Earinus.*] I've liv'd to blush at my own species!

SCENE

S C E N E V.

APRONIUS, PHILODAMUS.

APRONIUS.

The Legate and his friends wish for your company;
They think their entertainment but imperfect
Without your presence.

PHILODAMUS, *not perceiving her.*

Surely he will find them,

Or we are all undone.—Nay, he will find them.

APRONIUS.

You do not hear me.

PHILODAMUS, *confus'd.*

Pardon me, I do,

Indeed? and what says Sestius to that?

APRONIUS.

I said the Legate would desire your presence.

Sestius says nothing, but has delegated

His nose to speak as proxy. You may hear it
Snore hither.

PHILODAMUS.

Well, I go.—What dogs are men!

[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

APRONIUS.

So! he suspects our drift, I find: no matter —

What dogs are men? I heard the exclamation.

Th' expression errs; and is a gross abuse

Upon the better animal. No doubt,

Were dogs to speak, they would invert the phrase;

When they reproach each other—Ho! Cornelius!

S C E N E

A TRAGEDY. 47

SCENE VII.

Enter CORNELIUS.

APRONIUS.

Place at this door a guard, while you and I
Usher the women out.

CORNELIUS.

Since such my orders,
Make good the guard here, and now I attend you.

[Exeunt.]

First Soldier.

A pretty job of work we are upon!
An we're demolish'd, we deserve it richly.

Second Soldier.

Ay, all that stay for't; but if there's resistance,
Let those who are to share the booty, try
To drive away the bees.

Women within.

Help there! oh, help!

Whoever loves Philodamus, assist us!

Enter CORNELIUS with EUPHEMIA,
and APRONIUS with ERATO.

CORNELIUS.

No mutiny.

APRONIUS.

My fair one, no resistance,

You see it is in vain, useless as clamour.

ERATO.

Will no one help? You have not slain my father;
That you presume on such unheard-of violence!
But he were better dead, than see my shame.
My knees knock under me, I cannot go.

[To Apronius; who pulls her.

APRONIUS.

We'll carry you.

EUPHEMIA.

Keep up your resolution.

Think in what hands we are, and be assur'd,

To dare to fear, is to assist our danger.
 Courage! Philippus lives, or we can die.

APRONIUS.

The Legate is gallant, and gay, and generous,
 Handsome, and young, and rich. Ere long you'll thank me,
 For what, unthinkingly, you now call violence.
 And as for you, my pretty one, there's Rubrius---

EUPHEMIA.

Detested wretch! stop thy vile speech---Ye Gods!
 I see Philippus, my deliverer, comes!

SCENE VII.

Enter EPICRATES, PHILIPPUS, and servants, *arm'd*.

EPICRATES, *to Apronius*.

Villain, let go thy sacrilegious hold,
 Or perish instantly upon this sword.

APRONIUS, *running away*.

Ay, let Cornelius fight, I like not fighting. *Exit.*

Epicrates *drives the soldiers off the stage*.

PHILIPPUS.

Go follow thy companion, or thou diest.

CORNELIUS.

'Tis not decided yet, if you, or I.

PHILIPPUS.

Resign her, thou brave fool, I would not hurt thee,
 Thou hast some honesty, although a Roman.

CORNELIUS.

What's honesty 'gainst orders? So come on.

[*Fight. Cornelius falls.*]

VERRES *within*.

[*Bustle within.*]

Silence the dotard's clamour. Stop his throat.

EUPHEMIA.

Thus to thy arms----

PHILIPPUS, *stopping her*.

It is no time for this.

Re-enter EPICRATES.

PHILIPPUS, *to him*.

Lose not an instant, but convey to safety

Euphe-

Euphemia and my sister; while I fly
To save a father. Some of you attend me.

[Exeunt on different sides.]

CORNELIUS.

This comes of serving knaves---I have enough on't.
And yet 'tis hard, now---that an honest soldier---
For following---oh!--his orders---should be slain.

Bustle within. *[Dies.]*

SCENE VII.

PHILODAMUS, PHILIPPUS.

PHILODAMUS.

Thank thee, my gallant son, thou'st sav'd my life.
Where is my Erato? Where is Euphemia?

PHILIPPUS.

Under strong guard Epicrates conducts them
To his own house---Alas! you bleed, my father.

PHILODAMUS.

Fear not, for I am whole; yet the vile Rubrius
Had near subdued me; till a lucky struggle
Freed me, and pass'd my dagger through his arm.
Thence come these stains.

PHILIPPUS.

Would it had been his heart!

Or rather that of Verres.

PHILODAMUS.

Who lies here?

PHILIPPUS.

This was Cornelius; fain I would have sav'd him,
But stupid duty forc'd him upon death.

What have we now to do? *[Cornelius carried off.]*

PHILODAMUS.

Why this, Philippus.

To draw up our complaint against this Verres,
And send it to the Prator.---Well, Epicrates,

Enter EPICRATES.

Say, are the women safe?

EPICRATES.

Yes, they are safe.

But Verres and his crew had well nigh perish'd.

Fir'd with just indignation at your wrongs,

The populace pursu'd him to his palace,

H

Where,

Where, finding it impossible to enter,
 They heap'd up faggots, ev'ry thing combustible,
 To have reduc'd him and his house to ashes;
 When, most unluckily for our revenge,
 Arriv'd the Roman prætor Dolabella,
 Whose presence stay'd them, and dispers'd the tumult.

PHILODAMUS.

I'm glad they were prevented----

PHILIPPUS.

And I sorry.

PHILODAMUS.

For justice, executed by the people,
 Loses its name, and grows most dangerous---
 What have we here? another Roman guard!

Enter OFFICER and SOLDIERS.

OFFICER.

Philodamus, and you, Philippus, Sirs,
 Ye are my pris'ners, and must to the forum.

PHILIPPUS.

Pris'ners! for what? because we did not hold
 Our throats conveniently, to have them cut;
 Nor make the offer of our maidens honour
 To the insatiate appetite of Verres?

EPICRATES.

And is there no mistake, that you omit me?
 Oh, take me too! I blush to be at liberty.

OFFICER.

You are not charg'd. Their lot deserves no envy.

PHILODAMUS.

When Hadrian the prætor, by extortions,
 Had rak'd th' inhabitants of Utica
 Beyond the sufferance of human nature,
 Despair, at last, gave vent to their resentment,
 And they consum'd him, and his spoils, and palace
 To dust, by fire, unquestion'd since of Rome.

OFFICER.

I am not here to reason, but command:
 So come along.

PHILODAMUS.

Do you, Epicrates,
 Acquaint my daughters, and come after us.

[Exeunt all but Epicrates.

EPICRATES.

A TRAGEDY.

51

EPICRATES.

Confusion, thou hast caught us in thy net!---

Enter EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA.

Where is Philippus? tell me, is he safe?

EPICRATES.

Why hast thou ventur'd, desp'rate, to this roof?

Know you not, all beneath it is accurs'd?

Ruin and death inhabit the waste structure;

While over-head, like a black cloud, destruction

Low'rs on the whole, and meditates to burst

On all it finds in the devoted verge.

Escape, if yet you may: fly to my house,

There shelter from the storm. Why left you Erato?

EUPHEMIA.

Ay! is he dead? and I survive him yet?—

EPICRATES.

He lives. The prætor's guard conducts him chain'd,

Him and Philodamus, both, to the forum.

The Legate's fury drives at such a rate,

'Tis manifest at what it will arrive.

EUPHEMIA.

He lives! Bless'd be the tongue that tells me so!

Heav'n and their innocence will soon acquit them,

And punishment must light, where due, on Verres.

Soon as the Roman prætor is inform'd,

He'll blush, they have been chain'd as criminals.

EPICRATES.

Can power blush? or feels oppression shame?

Then I'll believe the crocodile may weep;

Nay more, surrender his uninjur'd prey.

Ah! let us not confide in innocence;

What is there else that tyranny can hate?

And what it hates, what hinders it to punish?

EUPHEMIA.

Can any tyranny make self-defence

A punishable crime? The Roman virtue

Holds the first station in the world's esteem;

And their politeness has such gen'ral fame,

'Tis thought to overpay the wrongs of conquest.

EPICRATES.

I've been at Rome. The insolence of conquerors

Coins their own fame, and we, their slaves, adopt
 What character their pride stamps on themselves.
 Virtue, at Rome, means to enslave the world.
 Politeness is another name for luxury,
 That gorges at a mess the wealth of nations.
 Such justice as these principles afford,
 We may expect to find, and nothing better.

EUPHEMIA.

I catch your fears; yet hope you fear too much.

EPICRATES.

Let us prepare us as the worst were certain.
 'Tis my request, Euphemia, that you chuse
 My house, my friendship, and the love of Erato,
 As your protection in this dread calamity:
 And lest you fear (seeing, in friendship's name,
 How many seek to buy a slave a pennyworth)
 Time and familiarity should shrink you
 From parity into a mean dependence,
 Soon as you pass my threshold, twenty talents
 Wait your acceptance.——

EUPHEMIA.

Worthy of Philippus!

Thou art his match in virtue as in friendship!
 Such thanks as my poor gratitude can pay-----

EPICRATES.

The time will not admit of farther reasoning.
 Let me prevail, and wish you back to Erato.
 Farewell. Each minute I'll dispatch a messenger,
 Who shall inform you both of all that passes. [Exit.]

EUPHEMIA.

Success attend thy steps. [Kneels.] All-ruling Power!
 We know not how to name; and therefore wander
 Thro' almost infinite denominations,
 To mark thy various attributes and functions,
 Who must love justice; Oh! if ever, now
 Exert thyself, free from thy gen'ral laws,
 And speak in prodigies; enact, and vindicate
 Thy equitable mandates. Villain Man
 Will construe else thy patience a connivance,
 And deal out wrong, secure of punishment. [Exit.]

End of ACT IV.

ACT V. SCENE I.

DOLABELLA, VERRES.

DOLABELLA.

I could almost repent me that I came:
A little later——

VERRES.

Had been all too late.

So violent an insult on the name
Of Roman, then shall pass unvindicated?

DOLABELLA.

I must be of opinion, that the insult
Keeps just proportion with the provocation.
For what could violence itself do more,
Than ravish from a father's arms his daughter,
To violate her honour in your own?

VERRES.

There might be that, my lord, may want excuse,
But not much blame. If I went self-invited,
It was because these misers grudge t' expose
Their statues, pictures, gems---you know I'm curious.
Wine and young blood must plead for all that follow'd.

DOLABELLA.

Rather too curious. For they tell me, Verres,
That your immense collection is extended,
By rapine and extortion, to a size
That even beggars all that Rome possesses.

VERRES.

My lord, I gather for myself and friends.
And, by the by, 'tis long since I observ'd
A vacant base stand in your vestibule.
I have a master-piece of art, an heifer
So exquisitely cast, such through nature,
The work of Myro, life is in the brass,
It would with dignity supply the vacancy.

DOLABELLA.

I know it by report, the very same
So many Grecian wits have celebrated.

VER-

52. PHILODAMUS.

VERRES.

I vow, my lord, I've started twenty times,
And thought she low'd---but, as to this affair,
I do assure you, what concerns me most
Is the indignity the state endures.

DOLABELLA.

A state is more dishonour'd in protecting
Th' infringer of the sacred rights of nature.

VERRES.

My lord, share my collection as you please.
I hope, when you reflect on th' injury,
In your immediate Legate, done to Rome,
Besides my birth, 'twill move you to out-bear me
Thro' any slight deficiency of form.

DOLABELLA.

Believe me, I'm desirous to assist you.
But of so ugly nature is your crime,
I know not where to turn me to effect it.

VERRES.

Cornelius slain, and Rubrius sorely wounded,
Direct your vengeance to both perpetrators.
I don't know if you ever thought worth minding
Th' entaglio which I wear upon this finger:
View it, my lord, the subject's somewhat wanton.
See how that Leda clasps in her crisp arms
Her am'rous swan, who ruffles ev'ry feather.
The figure was design'd from my Chelidon
(Poor wench! dying, she left me all her treasure.)
I have been tempted to destroy this ring
A thousand times. The counterfeit resemblance
Makes me quite mad, when I behold her beauties
Tasted by Jove himself.---Would you would wear it
If only to preserve it from my jealousy.

DOLABELLA.

And am beholden to you---but to murder
Two innocent men, of elevated stations,
Only that they resisted your attempt---
I should not like to have such matter argued,
Before the senate, by your men of virtue.

VERRES.

My friends at Rome, my lord, bought, and to buy,
Will

Will bear us through. Who cares there for the provinces,
Shrowded in distance from their thought and notice?
Then---pray, my Lord; what makes a man of virtue?
To sell one's knav'ry dearer than another.
I had almost forgot---'tis but a trifle---
Knowing the vast expences of your state,
Long since I laid aside a little present---
With your permission I will bring it to you
To-morrow morning; nay, 'tis nothing more
Than some poor hundred thousand sesterces.
DOLABELLA
I thank you for your love, and I accept them.
Why, as you say, in such a distant province---
The majesty of Rome---Cornelius slain---
And your high birth---require this vindication.
Where are the prisoners?

VERRES.
They wait without;
And, were I to advise, immediate sentence
Were doubly useful, by impressing awe
Of your authority, and stifling tumults.

DOLABELLA.
And you say well; let them appear before us.
Verres, be you and Sestius my assessors;
So, take your seats. Bring in the prisoners.

Voices within.
Stand by!
Make room!
Give way, there, to the prisoners.

S C E N E II.

Enter PHILODAMUS, EPICRATES, PHILIP-
PUS, and Audience.

Philippus starts on seeing Verres.

DOLABELLA.
We sit not here to have our ears fatigu'd
With set orations from yourselves; much less
With the stale subterfuges of hir'd advocates,
Who, dodging thro' a thousand circumstances,
Hope, in the course of a long-winded argument,
Obscure, traverse, involv'd, to warp the judgment

Which

56 PHILODAMUS.

Which way they please, when they've bewilder'd sense.
This matter needs no arguing, and no witnesses,
Unless you chuse the body of Cornelius,
A Roman citizen, slain by your hands,
Beneath your roof, should be produc'd in court.

PHILODAMUS.

We shall not tire your patience. I had thought,
When I appear'd before the Roman prætor,
Without employing any turn of eloquence,
To've laid out a plain story to his hearing,
Th' undue invasion of a house like mine,
Insolence, injury, and violence
Suffer'd, at length repell'd. I own it needless.
Verres, plac'd by you on the seat of judgment,
Cuts it all short---and we expect our sentence.

DOLABELLA, *[To his Assessors.]*

I am for death, and you?---

VERRES.

For death.

SESTIUS.

And I.

EPICRATES.

Forgive, most noble, if I interfere
With your injunction. I'm no venal advocate,
But am connected with these prisoners
By ev'ry band that friendship and esteem,
Love, duty, obligation, can impose.
My fortunes are extensive, and shall answer
Whatever mulct you please to levy on them,
(Nay take them all: I never can be poor,
While I reflect how well they were employ'd)
So that their lives be spar'd, and you accept
The ruin of us three as equipollent
For one, the scum of Rome by birth and station.

VERRES.

Most noble Dolabella, not to fit
Quite useless in this honourable place,
Permit me to observe, this forward pleader
Makes ev'n his intercession aggravate.
The mistress of the world has ever seen
Her meanest citizen, as of more dignity

Than

Than any subject conquer'd by those citizens ;
And she demands that blood compensate blood.
Retire, and thank the lenity that spares you.

DOLABELLA.

Verres, you speak our thoughts most accurately.

PHILIPPUS. [To Verres.

Had it been thee, and not thy senseless agent,
Whom, in a sister's cause, I bravely slew,
I would not have repin'd to bear these chains,
Nor what is worse to follow. As it is,
We thank you, that, determin'd to destroy us,
You save us an unprofiting defence.

PHILODAMUS.

Happy condition of your provinces !
We were to learn till now, that we rebel,
If we dispute your sovereign dominion
Over our matrons, and our daughters honour.

DOLABELLA.

We have indulg'd you farther than we meant,
In large discourse, which you have us'd too freely.
Bear them away to death. Let the axe sever
Their heads and bodies.

PHILODAMUS.

By your leave, one moment.

Heav'n cannot be but just. I do believe
Its gates are open, in another manner,
Than to the general requests of men,
When innocence, subdu'd by hard oppression,
Claims its avenging hand. In thy due hour,
When Verres shall be ripe for punishment,
When the large growth of villany shall bend
His branches to the earth with their own weight,
I trust thou wilt, in adequate reprisal,
Set up thy hour-glass of retaliation.
I think I see thee, not, as I am now,
Going to die ; death is no penalty.
But abject, pale, contemn'd, shunn'd, and deserted,
By those who share thy spoils. Banish'd, and wandering
Thro' provinces thy rapine trod before.
I feel an ease that tells me I am heard.

I

PHILIPPUS.

PHILIPPUS.

Oh heav'n! if there be yet in Rome one heart,
 One soul, that's worthy of thy inspiration,
 One tongue that dares to plead the cause of innocence,
 (And something says within me, there is one
 Who shall retort the doings of this day),
 Do thou inform that heart, that soul, that tongue,
 With the coercive force of eloquence,
 The energy of language; pour from thence
 The mighty torrent of convictive truth,
 Till conscience strike with dumbness thy defenders,
 And guilt and shame anticipate that sentence
 Thou dare not stay to hear pronounc'd upon thee.

[To Dolabella.]

And thou, distorter of thy country's justice,
 Live to revenge our wrongs upon that country,
 For trusting justice in no firmer hands.

DOLABELLA.

Take them away. See execution done.

1st Guard.

Stand by there.

2d Guard.

Clear the way!

3d Guard.

Lead off the prisoners.

S C E N E III.

DOLABELLA, *solus*.

I am not half the villain of this Verres,
 And yet I am a villain. 'Tis too plain,
 To be a villain, and yet hate a villain,
 To feel that vigilant and solemn monitor,
 Conscience, put in her caveat to a deed,
 And yet to supersede her holy mandates,
 And give that deed effect; what is it else,
 Than to be multiplied into two men,
 That wage continual war against each other?
 Would I were of a piece! either all honest,
 Or else above sensation of remorse.

Enter an Officer.
What would you?

OFFICER.
The relations of the sufferers
Most humbly sue you, they may have their bodies,
For all due rites.

DOLABELLA.
See that they have my order.
[Exit Officer.]

It were not yet too late to bid them live!
But then I must refund my ill-gotten wealth,
Thou hast betray'd me; all-corrupting gold,
And thaw'd the yielding principles of honesty
Into a puddle of corrupted trash!
Ha! Conscience! thou art but the fear of shame!
I am not superstitious, yet am startled,
That he, who, perhaps, never heard of Cicero,
Should mark him in his lincaments so strongly;
Methought I felt myself beneath the lash,
The scorpion lash, of his all-awing tongue.
I'll think no more on't—Innocence, once quitted,
Turns irrevocably her back upon us.
Let none, untried by pow'r, think himself virtuous,
But for authority I'd still been honest. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.
PHILODAMUS, PHILIPPUS, going to execution.
EPICRATES, Guards, &c.

EPICRATES.
Fear not, he must desist from his mad enterprize;
Mean time, we arm, with utmost speed, a vessel,
Which shall transport us, past his search, to safety.

PHILODAMUS.
'Tis well, Epicrates, I would not see her,
For much I doubt how my own resolution
Might stand the burst of so much tenderness.

EPICRATES.
She's most desirous to receive by me
The blessing and last orders of a father.

PHILODAMUS.
My blessing; why, my life has been to bless her.

60 PHILODAMUS.

This last formality can add no weight to it ;
 However, take my blessing on you both ;
 Then, as to orders, what should I command her ?
 Bid her persist in the pursuit of virtue ?
 Her life insures she will ; or should I charge her
 She bear unvaried duty and affection
 To thee ? Her inclinations answer for her.
 Be it your care to comfort her distress,
 Teach her submission to the will of Heaven.

EPICRATES.

Alas ! my father, what a leave to take !

PHILODAMUS.

My death-bed ow'd me a severer end.
 Another word, and then we part, Epicrates.
 One article remains of dearest import,
 If this fierce tempest of calamity,
 When fall'n its rage, should chance to drive on shore
 Any the wrecks and fragments of my fortunes,
 Collect them safely for Euphemia.

EPICRATES.

I have already offer'd her my house,
 Begg'd her to share my fortunes.

PHILIPPUS, embracing him.

Oh ! Epicrates.

Oh friend indeed ! What would I give for words ?
 Yet could they more than call thee, friend indeed !

EPICRATES.

Oh my Philippus ! Oh my better half !
 I live not half without thee----

GUARD.

Come, make haste.

PHILIPPUS.

My last thoughts to Euphemia and my sister.

[Exit Epicrates.]

PHILODAMUS.

Be gone, Epicrates. And now, Philippus,
 I have no leave to take of thee, my boy ;
 We're bound on the same voyage. Only this ;
 I have prevail'd upon the executioner
 To spare thy eyes my death ; and you wait here
 Till I am past. So, now lead on, I'm ready.

PHILIPPUS.

A TRAGEDY. 61

PHILIPPUS.

To thy last thought the same, my gentle father

[Exit Philodamus.]

Enter EUPHEMIA.

Why art thou here, Euphemia? to unman me?

Now, that I've born the parting of a father,

With all I have of steadiness, art thou come

To rob me of that last of vanities,

Which cowards sometimes reach, the dying resolute?

I'm young, am born to dignity, and affluence;

Have health untainted, and th' esteem of friends.

These I could have resign'd, yet be myself,

And mock the phantom death. What is a world

That one must ask the leave of Rome to live in?

But when I view thy beauties, which I quit

Purchas'd, but unpossess'd; there lies the agony,

And it grows terrible indeed to die.

EUPHEMIA.

I came to steel thy breast, and not to melt it

Into the whining softness of a woman.

And why regret to die? since we have lov'd,

And have enjoy'd already, never doubt it,

All that is keen and exquisite in love.

The rest deserves small notice. Be like me.

I feel my soul exalted 'bove itself,

Secure, and pleas'd, in its own resolution,

It looks with intrepidity on death.

PHILIPPUS.

What dost thou mean, Euphemia? thou alarm'st me.

There's a determination in thine eye,

And firmness in thy speech, that makes me tremble

More than the axe that waits me. Oh! dismiss

Thy desprate thought whatever. Live, Euphemia,

Cherish my memory, nor let that affect thee,

Beyond a melancholy recollection,

How much we lov'd, and how unfortunately.

EUPHEMIA.

There are, Philippus, in Distress's quiver,

Some shafts so very deeply barb'd, they mock

The unavailing art that would extract them,

And will be left to rankle in the wound.

But

62 PHILODAMUS.

But did the world possess the balm to heal them,
 'Twere meanness to survive distinguish'd wretchedness.
 What! to be pointed at, and shown a sight,
 As one no misery could drive from life!
 See here the remedy of ev'ry woe.
 See here the cure of Verres. [Shows a dagger.]

PHILIPPUS.

'Twas my fear.
 That dagger! no, thou must not, shalt not use it.
 Ah! do not listen to that witch Despair,
 Who gilds with a false sun-shine the black precipice
 T' allure the suff'ring mind?

EUPHEMIA.

The suff'ring mind?
 'Twas then it suffer'd, when my glory bid
 The chasm of separation yawn between us.
 'Twas harder to resolve to part our loves
 Adoring and ador'd, than share thy death.

PHILIPPUS.

In this dread hour it was my consolation,
 Epicrates had lent thee noble shelter
 From all the storms that yet might buffet life.
 Oh! harbour there, and drop the social tear,
 In consort, oft as you shall think of me,
 Till slow-pac'd time, nay, habitude of sorrow
 Induce satiety of itself. Who knows?
 Long years of happiness may wait behind,
 That shall do justice to Euphemia's merit.

EUPHEMIA.

Yes, and be comforted; dry up my tears;
 My mourning weeds convert to ornament;
 Whimper but now and then; and in a moment,
 Call any other man my only love.—
 The thought is paltry. Oh! how I disdain it!
 Why now, methinks, I'm at the pitch of happiness,
 High in my own esteem. 'Tis only now
 That I feel worthy of a flame like thine:
 I'm all on fire to shuffle off this life.—
 'Tis an impatience that still spurs me forward.
 The Gods conceal from those they force to live
 How happy 'tis to die, lest they desist

From

ANTRAGEDY. 63

From their hard drudg'ry, and desert their station.

PHILIPPUS.

If ever tender thought of me has glow'd
Within that gentle bosom---doft not hear,
Horrid! the blow that ends the best of fathers?

[Noise within.

The time demands me.---Let me yet prevail.---

Voice within.

Lead on the prisoner.

PHILIPPUS.

'Tis my last request.

EUPHEMIA.

But a request you have no right to make.
Nay, talk no more. Farewell. This last embrace.
If memory extend beyond the urn,
Still shall we love each other. Now, away.
Farewell, my love, my pride, my happiness.
That I am thine, o'er-pays the loss of life.

PHILIPPUS.

An instant longer.---

EUPHEMIA.

Why an instant longer?
And should the tyrant grant us till to-morrow,
Think you we'd take it?

Guard takes hold of him.

Come, nay come along.

PHILIPPUS.

I go---but would.---'Tis easier to die.

[Exit, she looking fondly after him, till, just as he
is out of sight, she stabs herself. He re-enters.

Unhand me for a moment, rash Euphemia!

EUPHEMIA.

I thought thee farther---or had spar'd thee this.
'Tis over---haste---oh loiter not behind---
Where are you---now you're lost.---I see thee not.---
Night hangs upon my eyes---and thou art no where.---
Oh, now again I know him---'tis Philippus.---
At least remember---oh---that I die---thine.

PHILIPPUS.

Kind executioner, be quick, dispatch.---
Why do I ask what I can do myself

With

With readier expedition. [*Stabs herself with her dagger.*
Guard.

Haste, prevent him,

You are too late.

PHILIPPUS.

I thank thee for thy lesson.

Now, Verres, thy revenge is half deceiv'd.

Now, Dolabella, I elude thy sentence.

Stay, let me seize her hand, ere light desert me,

Else I shall wander in uncertain search,

And find it not.—Why now, in spite of numbness,

I hold thee fast---to separate---no more.

Enter EPICRATES.

EPICRATES.

Sure she came hither; yet I dread to find her.

Ha! is it so? my fears inform'd me just.

Philippus, art thou here? I knew indeed

Death waited for thee, but in other place,

And other manner. Better as it is.

Tears, by your leave, a while; there's time enough

For your indulgence. Who commands the guard here?

OFFICER.

'Tis I.

EPICRATES.

Here is an order from the prætor,

Render their bodies up to my disposal.

It names but two, the third was unforeseen,

But will be undisputed. Let some bear them,

To join their fathers corpse; then to my house,

Their hands fast link'd; convey them, if you can,

Without disjoining their so tender union.

Virtue, thou art not for this present world.

Injustice, 'tis thine own. But there is somewhere,

Some happy clime beyond Oppression's reach,

Whence Tyranny retires its shorten'd arm,

And compensation waits for suff'ring innocence.

Bear them away, I follow.-----

[Exit, the bodies carried before him.

The E N D.